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MURDER IN UNIFORM,

KNOWN BY THE OFFICIAL NAME OF

“CIVILIZED WAR.”

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ECONOMIC
CLUB OF CINCINNATI, AT THE VINE ST.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

FEBRUARY 4, 1904,

BY

SAMUEL P. BUTLER.

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To establish, to create, to produce, to pacify; to satisfy all rights, to develop all the grand instincts of man, to provide for all needs of society—that is the task of the future. Let us stop the shedding of human blood.

—VICTOR HUGO.

Peace is endangered by preparations for war. The sentiment, or rather the principle, that in peace you must prepare for war, is one of difficulty and danger; for while we keep armies to preserve peace, they are, at the same time, incentives and instruments of war.

—KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Every age has had its barbarisms. We wonder now at slavery, at the hanging of boys for stealing a shilling, at imprisonment for debt, at the torture of witnesses, at the rack and thumbscrew and stake. All these things were supported by Christians and the Church. Are we to suppose that our age is the first without sanctified barbarisms? And if not, what barbarism of the day is so conspicuous as war?

—ERNEST CROSBY.

War has become impossible alike from a military, economic and political point of view. The very development that has taken place in the mechanism of war has rendered war an impracticable operation. The dimensions of modern armaments, and the organizations of society, have rendered its prosecution an economic impossibility. The soldier, by a natural evolution, has so perfected the mechanism of slaughter, that he has practically secured his own extinction. He has made himself so costly that mankind can no longer afford to pay for his maintenance.

—JEAN DE BLOCH.

with the modest complement

of S. P. Butler, 724 Oak St. Cincinnati, O.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ECONOMIC CLUB:

Along the Demerara river, amid its tangled, tropical growths, Nature is wildly profligate with her gorgeous tints in foliage, animals and birds. She has taken special pains with the gaudy decoration of snakes. Every brilliant hue of the rainbow flashes from their dazzling skins. By far the richest coloring of all is lavished on the counahouchi, said to be the most venomous member of the whole reptile family. English settlers there call him the "bushmaster," for man and beast fly before him in terror. He never bothers the legislature for "right of way."

The counahouchi may not know it—he would probably burst with pride if he did—but this resplendent viper is nature's finest symbol of the warrior in regimentals. He is typical enough to meet the most artistic requirements. Epaulettes, medals, gold lace, crimson sash, and flashing uniform,—he carries them all on his dress suit. In the matter of tactics he is military from head to tail. Just like his army brethren, his chief delight is to lie in silent stealthy ambush and open fire on the foe when he comes in range.

Let the resplendent counahouchi then be made the army mascot or fetich. As war is only organized savagery, it would be quite the thing to appoint this radiant viper as the flashing warrior's patron saint. In the different savage tribes we find worship paid by their human brethren to the tiger, lion, crocodile, bear, wolf, and almost universally to the snake. Their mode of life is exactly the same,—all brothers in plunder and assassination—and why should not the fraternal bond be recognized and adored? The Malays of Malacca pay divine honors to the shark. Both are in the same line of business—piracy.

Why, then, should not savages in shoulder-straps, man-killers in uniform, plunder-pirates in regimentals be taught to burn incense to their blood-brother, the counahouchi? Both follow the same profession, by the same tactics, and both are filled with the same deadly venom for the foe. With the counahouchi hoisted up at the head of our fighting battalions, stimulating the warriors by his brilliant example, no prophet can say how much deadly enthusiasm might be inspired.

MORAL OF UNIFORMS.

Here is a mission for the counahouchi. Now what says natural history, and human history, of uniforms? We can't say why it is—that's one of nature's guarded secrets—but wherever we find anything in nature that is specially destructive, or specially worthless, it wears a gaudy uniform. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the tiger of India, that jungle emperor who lives in court dress. Com-

pare his uniform with the sombre coat of the horse and cow. And yet, after some experience with the tiger, man has settled down to the conviction that he is most interesting when stuffed, and most useful when his radiant regimentals are converted into rugs that can be safely trampled beneath our feet. In the same class is the pictorial leopard. Perhaps there's a lesson here. Maybe we shall learn some day that the most useful thing to do with the warrior's uniform is to put it *under our feet*.

The parrot wears a catchy regalia, and all he does is to eat, strut, chatter and swear. The resplendent peacock is a sort of militia bird, strong on dress parade but no good for active service. The spangled serpent, when he is not robbing the race of its Paradise with his fascinations, is biting or choking something to death. He has no utility until we reduce him to the form of a snake-skin purse.

And there is woman—all the plain saints who inspire and redeem the world, retired *behind* the scenes in modest gowns, while the deadly Jezebels, the war-making Helens, the conspirators against man and society, flash before the foot-lights of history in their gems and satins, decked in the fatal uniform of beauty.

WAR'S STRONGEST FRIEND.

And so it is with war. Long centuries ago the warriors hit upon the wise device of first sending war to the tailor for a suit of spangled clothes, and ever since, the maddest lunacies the sun ever shone upon have been condoned and "hurrahed" if only they wear a uniform. The contagion of these uniforms is their curse. Put a man in regimentals, and his self-conceit goes up a thousand points. His first instinct, and his last, is to look upon himself as little lower than the angels. He views with scorn the poor human trash in civilian garb.

"I confess I have a fellow-feeling for them," writes Ernest Crosby, "for I was once an amateur warrior in a small way. I served eight years in the National Guard of New York, and attained the rank of major. I used to wear a cocked hat with an ostrich feather a yard long. I know what it is to prance up and down Fifth avenue on a riding-school nag, feeling like a composite photograph of Cæsar and Napoleon."

The military genius who invented uniforms was the first and greatest benefactor war ever had. Someone has asked—"how long could you keep a standing army together without brass buttons and epaulettes?" Why, you could n't *get* it together at all. Take away the stage business from war—the colors and gilt, the razzle dazzle of feathers and tom-toms, the delirium of brass bands, all the flash and gingerbread of the pomp that veneers its horrors; put man face to face *at the outset* with bursting bombs and mangled limbs—the actual decorations of war—and recruiting offices would close their doors.

It means but one thing, all this glitter and delirium, all this

pageantry of parades and review, all this drilling to the music of trumpets and drums. "It means," as Tolstoi puts it, "the *stupefying of men in order to convert them into instruments of slaughter.*"

EXCUSABLE APPEALS TO ARMS.

Let us look now into some of the curious mechanism of this war machine. And, in order to be entirely fair, let us class war against invasion, and against domestic rebellion, as excusable wars. Professional conquerors belong to the unreasoning, ungovernable class. They never bother themselves with any pretext for slaughter beyond the victim's ~~crime~~^{crime} of owning something which the conqueror wants. It would be the rankest waste of time to call their attention to the fact that other nations have *rights* to be respected. Alexander's sole desire was another world to conquer. Tamerlane's one thought was to be sovereign over every reachable kingdom of the earth. Cæsar's only ambition was to force all the habitable globe under Roman dominion. Napoleon's sole purpose, (he called it "Destiny") was to place the whole of Europe under one crown. Everything in the shape of human reason is thrown away on battle vultures like these. As the world's alternative is to surrender or fight, the use of arms to repel an irresponsible and unprovoked invader is among the bedrock rights of the human race.

To protect social order, and preserve a government by suppressing domestic rebellion, is another acknowledged right of mankind. These two are the only justifiable appeals to arms recognized in our Constitution. Up to date society has progressed no further on the road to peace. Turbulent elements there always will be, and each government may lawfully handle its own disturbers of the local peace. As to professional conquerors, it is safe to say that the past century has made another Napoleon impossible.

What is now classified as preventable war is international altogether, and the Hague Court was organized to prevent it. It arises in some dispute, which the war doctors claim cannot be treated by peaceful means, and out come the implements of destruction. Now, if mutual slaughter is the *only* remedy, *no war can be logical unless it is war to the death.* Every humane sentiment must be thrown to the winds when nations take their quarrel into the Court of Carnage.

Speaking from the artist's standpoint, the painter La Farge, says:—"There has been no greater war triumph recorded than that of the dead Hector dragged around the walls of sacred Troy behind the chariot wheels of the victor Achilles." Now, why? Because the triumphant parade of his dead foe was the dramatic sequel of the Iliad's opening words "Achilles' wrath;" because *Wrath* and *Death* are the ruling spirits of war, and we can have no true artistic war without them both.

Our savage brethren have always grasped this war logic in the only consistent way. They took no prisoners at all, as a rule. They were a nuisance, and the thing was mutual, anyhow. It was "no quarter" all around. In some cases the death penalty was deferred only until the prisoners could be sacrificed to the gods in a bunch, and they preferred to die on the field, with an arrow in the heart, rather than live to be roasted at the stake for the entertainment of gods and victors. War prisoners were slain by hecatombs on the altars of the Gods in Carthage.

When the Spaniards invaded the new world, they found the same practice had developed in Mexico and Peru, and those sensitive crusaders of the Cross, who enjoyed the Inquisition, and thought nothing of chopping up a few thousand natives before breakfast, raised their hands in holy horror at the notion of roasting prisoners of war. Only our fighting Christians can see these delicate distinctions.

Slavery was the milder fate that befel the war prisoners of Rome. This was general also in all eastern countries for many centuries after Rome was dead, and still prevails in some localities. Here, than, we have the fate of war in three forms:

Death on the field.

Death by Sacrifice.

Substantial death in slavery for life.

War was played, and logically played, within these stern limits, by all early disciples of the game, and still is in all savage localities where the honest logic of it is carried out.

ORIGIN OF "HUMANE" WAR.

As we approach modern times, we get on the trail of some chicken-hearted battle reformer. I can't give the name of the gentle idiot who first thought that war might be made respectable and humane; but we do know that the first warrior to actually test this curious patent was Napoleon. He applied it to prisoners of war. What his motive was Heaven only knows. The man whose ambition cost Europe 2000 lives daily for 23 years—a grand total of seventeen million able-bodied men—could scarcely have hoped that small courtesies to captured enemies would square his account with the Prince of Peace. But the fact remains that this King of Slaughter began the humane treatment of prisoners.

Other nations fell into line because it was seen that humanity and inhumanity were games that two could play at. These courtesies expanded till prisoners of war became coddled darlings. Their captors paid officers as high as £4 a month, and privates 4 s. a week—benevolent pin money. Captivity became so fascinating that some prisoners refused to be exchanged. Out of one pocket Europe took the cash for guns, swords and bombs to destroy the

enemy, and out of another it took the funds to furnish comforts and pin money to the enemies it failed to kill in the war game, but only caught.

How delicious the logic of it all! First go pompously and expensively into the purchase of death machines; then hire men to stand up and fire them off; then prance over the field, embrace all the enemies who are saved, and present them with free board and steady pin money for not being shot! Then, in due time, this honored guest is exchanged, with the best of feeling on both sides, and back he goes to be run through the shot-and-shell hopper again; and so on with the monstrous farce-tragedy, till the man, or the war, is ended. This, we are told, is the "Chivalry side" of the war business.

FARCE WITH THE TRAGEDY.

It strikes me that if we had any professors of humor among all these professors of Carnage, they would shake with laughter over the comicalities of such opera bouffe and disband their armaments in one big guffaw. If the rules of war required every captive to get out of the fight and stay out for good—no matter where he stayed—every captured soldier would count for dead; he would be a *non-combatant* till the close of hostilities. Some sense in that; but a prisoner, a deadly foe, fed at his enemy's expense, and then sent back to rejoin the killing brigades, is a screaming burlesque.

Take the absurdity of that stage of civilities to captives reached in our war with Spain. Here are two pictures from the N. Y. Herald, to be framed, side by side, in the mind. The first is a scene on board a battered Spanish cruiser at Santiago:

"Amid the thrashing machinery the dead were thick. The plunging beams racked and crushed the dead and dying. In the basement of this inferno, firemen—some of them still alive—writhed amid the furious flames. The fire danced over the torn bodies of the dead, wreathing the naked shapes in flame, and giving their features a look that no human being ought to gaze upon and live."

Here is picture number two:

"Admiral Cervera and his captains, and other captured officers of the vanquished fleet of Spain, are to be guests of the nation in a style that will open their eyes with surprise. (No doubt it did.) Their roomy quarters are assigned in the buildings occupied in term time by our Annapolis cadets. (It was then the summer vacation.) The lovely Academy grounds are their promenade field, framed by the river Severn and the lordly Chesapeake, with its marine panorama. Here the prisoners will be treated with marked hospitality, served with elaborate table delicacies, have the fullest limit of parole privileges, and be made to feel that absolute liberty is hardly more than a sentiment."

And these are both pictures of war? Certainly; they bear the union—the American Union—label. So we have death in most agonizing forms for the common crew of the enemy's war ship; excessive politeness, throttle-wide hospitalities, with wine, terrapin

and embroidered courtesies to the officers who commanded them—to the men who ordered those charred and twisted remnants of humanity into that roaring pit of hell! Flames and carnage for the servile puppets in combat; profuse politeness for the superior enemies who pulled the battle strings!

“Logic thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.”

When Cæsar, that greatest of war tacticians, had a formidable insurrection to deal with, he first learned the name and whereabouts of the prime leader of it all, the arch-conspirator; then he made a bee line for that offender, and never rested till he found him and took his head.

When Induciomarus formed a menacing combination of Gauls with the German tribes, the Roman ordered his cavalry to “fight neither with small nor great, but with Induciomarus only,” and promised a reward for his head. The Gallic leader was captured and slain and the insurrection at once cooled down. In losing its leader it lost its helm, its inspiration, its life.

IMPROVING ON CÆSAR.

But Cæsar was only a crude, back-number amateur. We do things differently in this civilized age. We slaughter the *rabble* and ask the *leaders* to dine. We wreak our vengeance on the servile, human mechanism of the engines of war, and shower hospitality on the engineers. Perhaps, before our next conflict is ripe, Christian warfare, as they call it now, will have reached such a refined pitch of courtesy that we shall banquet captured officers at the White House, give them pink teas at Newport, cotillions at Tuxedo, lawn parties at Saratoga, stock-yard soïrees at Chicago and wind up with an overland trip to the coast in palace cars. And these do be our *enemies* and the war gospel says we have a quarrel with them so deadly that *nothing but blood* can wipe it out!

And yet, my friends, these monstrous absurdities and contradictions, injected into modern warfare by the world's growing belief that *all* war is an uncivilized infamy, are only a mild form of the Farce Tragedy to be seen on every battle field of this age. Over on that hillside the heavy artillery are dragging a Krupp gun into action, to mow down the enemy with its scythe of death; over another hillside is climbing the white-hooded ambulance of the Red Cross. It carries nurses and surgeons, commissioned mutually by both armies to patch together the human wreckage caused by the gun.

SOME BATTLE FIELD BURLESQUE.

If politics can make strange bed-fellows, what have we to say of the mis-mated couples hobnobbing together on a 20th century battle field? Just look at the amazing spectacle:—

Herr Krupp and Clara Barton, stalking arm in arm over the

area of carnage; Maxim, and Gatling and Armstrong, and that hyphenated demon, Krag-Jorgensen, all bowing politely to our merciful sisters, passing the compliments of the day with the Florence Nightingales of the Red Cross over ground littered with the dead and dying; Bullets and Bandages, Bombs and Surgeons, Murder and Mercy—all *doing business amicably in joint partnership, at the same stand, at the same time!*

And this Jekyll-Hyde monstrosity—this burlesque of common sense—this crazy-quilt of farcical contradictions is not only condoned, but *sanctified* by nations that solemnly claim to be overstocked with well balanced minds. Can't the world see in this age of books and universities, that the authorized ministrations of the Red Cross on a battle field, for the indiscriminate relief of *all* the wounded, gives the *point blank lie* to the absurd claim that these warriors have a quarrel *which nothing but death can satisfy?*

If the code of modern warfare concedes that it is lawful to save a man after he's shot, it concedes in the same breath that it is lawful to save the man before he's shot. There's no way to escape that logic. You can't sweep it off with a *calvary* charge; you can't drown it in the roar of batteries; you can't blow it into tatters with a dynamite shell. It rises above the battle smoke, like some sad, veiled priestess of humanity, and it is to-day haunting the dreams of statesmen like a spectre of doom.

The King, or the President, who signs with the same hand an order for heavy guns and a commission to Clara Barton, knows that he "writes himself down an ass"—a preposterous, 20th century ass. Even the breech clout savage could enjoy the burlesque of solemnizing a marriage between Mars and Clara Barton, with the battle field for an altar, and a nuptial high mass of bursting bombs, dying moans and sighs of gratitude from the wounded for hospital relief.

CLARA BARTON'S EYE-OPENER.

And let me say right here that the longest-headed, as well as the largest-hearted woman of this age, is Clara Barton; not for the actual suffering she has relieved in war—this goes to her credit on the mercy side of the ledger—but for the great lesson she has taught the thinking folks on this belligerent earth. The moment she got the civilized world to authorize, and to *license* her ministrations of mercy among the wounded on the field of battle, she forced that world to see the incongruity of giving official sanction to murder and mercy at the same time. She compelled nations to see, dimly at first, the plain logic of admitting humanity into their councils *before* the battle lines were formed. And it was very largely the growth of that silent lesson that led to the Peace Congress at the Hague.

Suppose, now, we apply these Jekyll-Hyde principles to other

lines of pursuit than warfare. Let the fire insurance companies employ one force of men to start conflagrations, and another to go around and pay off the loss. Let the life insurance gentlemen engage bands of assassins to cause death, and a band of clerks to pay the policies. Let the railroads hire one gang of men to spread rails, throw switches, remove bridge bolts, and another gang to repair the damage and salve the wreck victims with cash. Let the shipping companies hire one set of pilots to run their vessels on the rocks and another to run them off; one crew to scuttle the ships, another to man the life boats.

But, you say, the nations don't pay the Red Cross expenses. That's only a quibble. They *do* pay for costly hospital trains to accompany their armies; they *do* pay for army surgeons and hospital supplies by the million during peace, and these are multiplied to huge proportions in war; large, temporary structures for hospital use always figure in modern war bills. Hospital ships specially built and equipped and supplied on a costly scale—don't we read of them to-day, plowing the nearest waves when a land conflict begins, to patch up the wreckage caused by the dearly-bought engines of death?

Commercially speaking, tell us how much less farcical this is than any one of the other *business* propositions just named. If Andrew Carnegie, who says he doesn't believe in war, and would like to see it abolished, wants to help along the cause of universal peace, let him offer a standing reward of several millions to the first giant intellect in the world who is able to *prove* that war guns and war hospitals, *both on the same bill*, can be reconciled as rational business investments. The mental contortions of these competing giants would be an object lesson to all men who can be trusted outside of a mad house. The enormous total of war pensions forms, of course, another bill of particulars in this eminently commercial transaction, in an eminently commercial age.

Here are the nations in a furious race for the control of markets. Every device that can cheapen production, every item that can reduce the cost of transportation, is watched every day by millions of keen, commercial rivals. And yet these same penny-wise economists will applaud the financial lunacy of spending millions to *cause* carnage and ruin, and other millions to *repair* the damage.

But the financial absurdity of war, inscrutable as it is, is even less of a marvel than war from the standpoint of human sympathy. A mountain writhes in convulsions. The stored-up wrath in its mammoth bowels demands a vent. It finds the crater. In the hell blast that breaks from that flaming cone, 25,000 human beings are swept to instant death. The whole civilized globe catches its breath. You can hear its heart strings crack. A moment later one mighty wail of sympathy bursts forth from the human race. It rushes onward

in a stream as intense in brotherhood as was the torrent that broke from that crater's mouth in devastation. It pours down in tenderness and relief upon the stricken survivors of Martinique. Calamity has found the world's warm heart, and laid bare the throbbing pulse of human brotherhood.

For one brief moment the children of earth are bowed and crushed at their utter helplessness in the hands of fate—at the mercy of nature's merciless power. Periodically this recognition of universal kinship in universal helplessness breaks over mankind like a mellow sunburst in the wake of pestilence, famine, earthquake, floods and devouring flames. While it lasts our Humane Societies inflate their lungs with fresh air, and the Angel of Peace feels she is not entirely out of a job. The world realizes that these calamities, one and all, are beyond man's power to control. At least, if they might sometimes have been avoided by foresight, they are certainly not the result of design. They were not planned.

HOW LIFE IS PROTECTED.

Planned? Why, take the Iroquois Theatre fire with its death list of 572. If Chicago had suspected, for a moment, that this appalling disaster was in any way planned by that theatre's managers, the death list would have included all of them before the Coroner could arrive. The most summary vengeance would have been wreaked on the diabolical authors of such a deed.

Planned? Why, the last body was scarcely taken from that Chicago holocaust when all the municipal machinery of the town was at work to find flaws in the construction, leaks in the enforcement of building laws, straining every legal nerve to trace responsibility to its lair. A long array of witnesses was hailed before the Coroner's jury in a frantic determination to locate the actual cause, or run down the careless culprit.

On the crest of this wave of sympathy and horror, we see the officials of every city in the land placing their theatres under microscopic inspection, closing their doors right and left until building regulations are complied with and human life is safe. Precisely the same post-mortem energy is shown when pestilence drives cities to enforce the laws of health.

Everywhere—for it is world-wide, thank God—sorrow and sympathy for the victims of great calamity and generous measures of relief ennoble our common brotherhood. Everywhere—and this is world-wide, too—systematic and costly efforts are made to keep this God's life safely in us by day and night, and not leave it a prey to man's violence or carelessness; to guard it even against nature, and against itself.

THEN GAZE ON THIS PICTURE.

Suddenly, now, while our sympathies with Martinique and

Chicago are still warm; while our minds are absorbed with these widespread precautions to protect this sacred thing called human life,—put the next picture into the magic lantern slide. In letters that blind and stupefy the senses, we read:

Since the siege of Troy 40,000,000 of people have been sacrificed every century on the altar of war!

Thirty centuries of incessant strife give a grand total of 1,200,000,000 men, women, and children sent to death to slake the war god's thirst for blood!

This is a trifle less than the present population of the globe!

Would it appal the senses of mankind any worse, then, to throw upon the screen, one by one, the separate items in this mammoth bill? The harvest reaped by death on all these countless battle fields? The endless series of mangled forms, with the horrors brought into bolder relief by the flames of pillage, the vain struggle of dishonored womanhood, the merciless carnage of childhood and old age?

No! If the world can view passively the 44,000 slain at Gravelotte, neither will it rise in mutiny though all that billion of war's victims rose from the dead.

If it could gaze upon Alva's unspeakable butcheries in the Netherlands, and keep on issuing licenses to murderers in uniform for 400 years more, it seems useless to call any further witnesses to the stand.

And, remember now, ye who have been moved to pity by the victims of calamity—from Vesuvius to Mt. Pelee, from the Lisbon earthquake to the Johnstown flood—that catastrophes like these are unpreventable acts of a higher power; but the massacres of war follow man's carefully laid plans. There may be accidents *in* war; there is *no* accident in war itself.

Does our King, or our President, feel the need of a few more acres of territory, we vote him a war loan. The English mechanic of to-day is still paying the expenses of Waterloo, and his great grandchildren will be paying the Transvaal bill. We Americans for years to come will be squaring for Gettysburg and Chickamauga. Does n't every Parliament or Congress *know*, when it votes a war loan, that it is engaging an undertaker for a national funeral? That it is ordering innumerable graves dug; deliberately planning the manufacture of countless widows and orphans, before a single soldier is slain? Watch the huge preparations for international murder in Russia and Japan, going on systematically for weeks and months before a shot is fired; and then tell me what *logical right*, what right from any standpoint, have these calculating assassins to weep crocodile tears when a theatre accident consumes a handful of 500 people, or an angry mountain hurls a few thousand human beings to death?

These systematic architects of carnage, sowing a death's harvest as methodically as they would build a house or bridge a river—contracting *in advance* with gun makers, battle-ship builders, dynamite dealers and a miscellaneous lot of grave diggers—by what credentials can they stand in any court of civilization and plead the right to send a shipload of grain to the starving hordes of India?

If murder on a gigantic scale is desirable for belligerent nations, then let heaven have its unmolested right to kill when crops fail and mortality's millions are mowed down. What right have our professional corpse-makers to intervene with mercy when the Lord chooses to enlarge *His* grave yard?

WAR MUST BE "CIVILIZED."

"Oh, but you don't understand, my friend," say the warriors "Battles are indispensable to culture and progress. They settle the survival-of-the-fittest problem. They adjust the balance of power, you know. They keep down surplus population. And this murderous machinery of war is really quite merciful, after all, as it piles up the dead at such a rate that wars never last long now."

"Well, then," we reply, "dismissing your other worm-eaten arguments with contempt, if the *volume of slain* is the merciful feature, keep the Red Cross Surgeons off the field and let the wounded die. *Get all the dead you can*, if *that* is the road to mercy."

"Oh, but that would be inhuman," they say. "Society requires that war shall be civilized."

"So it is perfectly *humane*, then, to blow a healthy man two-thirds of his way to eternity, but *inhuman* to let him go the rest of the way himself?"

Civilized War! Well, we may be uncertain sometimes as to what civilization really is. It is not always what we *see* when the college professors point it out. But what war is we do know. The world has accepted Sherman's definition that "war is hell." Any school boy knows that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other; so, if civilization is war, and war is hell, civilization, too, must be hell.

All these universities, libraries and churches, this network of charity institutions, these books and newspapers, railroads, cables, these marvels of science and invention, these triumphs of machinery and commerce—are they all tools of the devil's workshop? And we have really been building a high road to Inferno all these centuries by enlarging and multiplying the arts and the mechanism of Peace?

Ah, no! You can't make us believe that. You can't make the devil believe it, either. He knows that his stock goes down as the stock of enlightenment and brotherhood goes up. It is his day of jubilee when the savage in man bursts forth and sweeps down the

barriers of human kinship like a cyclone. And when is that? Let the answer come from a veteran correspondent who has passed all his life among soldiers:

"War raises to the surface the worst passions and vices of men, and whoever expects soldiers, whether they be English, American, French, Germans or Orientals, to act in the heat of battle like gentlemen, has little knowledge of the ferocity latent in human nature. When life and death are the stakes for which men play, chivalry and mercy are forgotten."

What say the bemedalled professors of that "civilized" thing called war? "To carry on war," declares Gen. Young, "disguise it as we may, is to be cruel. It is to kill and burn, burn and kill, and, again, kill and burn. A humane war is one that is furious and bloody at the beginning."

FROM GORDON TO KIPLING.

What say those evangelical assassins known as the "Christian Soldiers"? "War is hate," says Gen. Howard. "I cannot bear to go into the presence of God so angry as I always become in battle."

And here are some words from the Soudan diary of that most devout warrior, General "Chinese" Gordon: "War is organized murder, pillage and cruelty. I acknowledge ourselves to be blood thirsty hordes of brigands. You will say that I am most inconsistent. So I am, and so are you. *We are dead against our words when it comes to deeds.*"

It is a long cry from the frank and repentant Gordon to Rudyard Kipling, "the poet-laureate of Brute Force," and he says that war is "the work of butchers." They all agree, then, on the character of war. That is, they agree that it has no *character* at all.

Think, for a moment, my sanguinary friend! "War is hell; you cannot refine it"—were Sherman's words. Now, if civilization has any ostensible mission at all, it is to *refine*; to keep the savage in us down. Civilization makes laws against murder, arson, adultery, burglary, lying and theft. War includes and legalizes them all. It repeals the whole Decalogue at one fell swoop.

Plainly, then, "civilized war" is a contradiction in terms. War and civilization are antagonizing forces. Between them there can be no marriage of convenience, to please the ambitions of the warrior, the jingoism and greed of the "patriot," or the time-serving hypocrisy of the pulpit.

REASON IN BOLD REVOLT.

There are many hopeful signs that the world is waking to that fact at last; is growing tired of the bloody plaything of its childhood; coming to grasp the international crime and the commercial madness of it all, and vigorously calling for industrial safe guards and social peace. At such a time of promise, let us not hug the cold creed of pessimism to our hearts, but, in hope and faith and earnestness, do what in us lies to reason off the night of war's savagery and hasten the dawn of universal good will.

Already we can see it pencilling the skies of Europe with streakings of the morning light. Monarchs who sit on armored thrones can hear the waves of discontent lapping the foundations of their costly pyramids of shot and shell.

The Kaiser's war horse is picking his way with cautious feet among the rocks of Socialism along the Rhine.

France, staggering under five billions of debt, is growling at the

size of her army bills, and has voiced that protest in flesh-and-blood delegates to her national Parliament in such numbers that they *hold the balance of power* in that governing body, and are strong enough to checkmate a declaration of war, and force France to peaceful arbitration.

Italy finds she has not money enough to clean her plague-stricken cities, and indulge in the luxury of 250,000 men under arms; and *she* is thinking hard and loud.

England is not rising like a Phoenix from the ashes of her Transvaal war. Her intrepid gossellers of Peace are daily growing in numbers and influence. Anti-war pamphlets and magazines are continually gaining in circulation and power. Reason is being heard at last, and welcomed, in the appeals of Harrison, Spencer and Morley. "On to the Hague! On to the Bastile of Arbitration!" is the cry of the overtaxed multitudes, and it is drowning the old cry of "Out with the guns and on with the carnage."

WAR'S DAY OF DOOM.

But better, far more hopeful than all this mutinous unrest of the multitude is the impressive fact that even now, with black war clouds in the East, Vienna is preparing to welcome the nearly eight hundred delegates who will take part in the "Interparliamentary Congress for Arbitration in Europe." Most ominous it is for the dynasty of slaughter, when such a mighty conclave of the law-makers of the old world believe there can be progress without bloodshed; that there can be brotherhood without bombs; that there can be a patriotism which bellows not from the cannon's mouth.

The harvesters of civilization are bringing in their sheaves. Men everywhere are coming into their long-deferred heritage of dignity and manhood. They demand to be *guided*. They have been *driven* too long. They are gathering the strength to rend the army shackles that bind their war-worn limbs. With cool impertinence the Peace reformers are battering away at military establishments in the very citadels of bristling monarchy, while fierce dragoons patrol the streets.

This war god's divine right to pass anywhere on the earth—to take useful lives, burn peaceful homes and blacken smiling fields—is challenged now by 1000 pickets, where not one could be seen twenty-five years ago. Daylight is breaking over humanity's common sense. The world is beginning to grasp the monstrous crime of a system that can destroy, in less than a century, nearly sixteen billions of the proceeds of human industry, and sweep away more than four million human lives.

Agitation will arouse and unite an invincible majority against it. It was only in 1859 that Emerson wrote:—"We shall not live to see slavery abolished."

These warriors have had their long and bloody day. "Their furniture," says Lloyd, "must be banished to the world's garret, where lie the worn-out trappings of the guilds and slavery and other old lumber of human institutions."

Will it come in our life time? No man can tell. Remember Emerson. But, whether yes or no, we can enlist in that growing army of clamorous mutineers, who besiege all these frowning battlements of Human Hate; we can join in the swelling cry,—

"Lift up your heads, ye gates of everlasting Strife,
and let the Prince of Peace come in!"

